

Daily Eagle

THE RED LIGHT.

My preface must be that I am a railway official, and that any part of a train may be invaded by me without question. It will not be a matter of surprise if I state that I stood with a driver on a special engine. I was returning from inspecting the scene of an accident, much damage done to rolling stock and the permanent way, happily none to life and limb. There was to be an inquiry. Whether it was signalman's or pointsman's fault remained to be ascertained.

"We shall come to a tree directly," said Harry Staves, my driver, when he had covered some miles of the return journey. "I never pass it without having a sickly sort of feeling. A bad accident happened there, 'twill be twelve or thirteen years ago."

"Oh!" I assented without evincing much interest. I did not consider it prudent to encourage him to proceed. Talk will abstract the best man's attention. It was necessary for him to keep a sharp lookout ahead. The day had ended in snow, the aspect of the country changing in an incredibly short space of time. At Croftley we switched to take in water and to allow certain trains to pass, and here we stood in shelter, after some little preamble, he resumed his story.

"There wasn't a staidier, truster driver than my mate, Jim Sutton, and he'd been lucky. He'd never been in an accident. I believe, when one did happen, the company thought of him, and believed that, if he'd been driving, nothing would have happened. He was a sort of model man for them. I'd been stoker for him almost from the time I left the shed. I'd been reckoned a lucky chap to get put with him. So I was. After I'd been with him a few years, I might have got put on as occasional driver, but I didn't care for that sort of catch-work. I explained this to the locomotive superintendent, and he allowed me to stay with Jim. You see a man in this, as in other posts, may be qualified for something better, but he has to wait for a vacancy.

"Well, we'd got very near that tree I pointed out, when there was a sudden grind, and off the rails we went and down the embankment. A good thing it was the couplings snapped, or a coach or two would have followed us. I was ciling, and lucky it was for me, for I flew, I never exactly knew where. But Jim, poor fellow, happened to have a grip, and went with the engine. When it heeled over, he was partly under it, fast by the legs. Poor fellow, where he was, it was just past being warm-hot enough to roast him. They tried to get him out, and at last had to give it up, and send for a crane. All that took time. They said it was pitiable to hear him begging and praying them to get him out."

"I got off very well considering I'd no bones broken. No doubt I touched hard ground, for they picked me up unscathed, and carried me to a cottage near. When I came to myself I can't tell you how queer I felt. Everything seemed to swim about. I didn't see very well. I fished about with my hands, then I was sure there was somebody strange in the room. "Hallo," says I, "where have I got to?" "Hush," says he, "you keep quiet."

"I'm not at Butehouse."

"You're at Hagley Vale."

"Hagley Vale," says I, "how long have I been in here?"

"Maybe an hour and a quarter."

"Where's Jim? How has he got off?"

"Do you mean the driver?"

"I'd got up on my haunches, and I would talk."

"That's just who I mean," says I.

"He's under the engine. They're trying to get him out."

"They're a long time about it. Is he dead?"

"He was alive a bit since."

"They tried to stop me. They said I swore at them, as I went limping out of the house. I know to get up the embankment I had to go on all fours. I crossed the rails, and saw the crowd of people on the embankment. I thought I could hear some one thing—poor Jim's cry. Down I rushed. A fellow had got my shovel, and there he stood, helpless as you please. When I snatched at it he wouldn't leave go."

"See here," said I, in a raging temper, "if you want to keep a whole skin, you'll leave go."

"Maybe I did swear at him—at 'em all, a lot of stupid idiots—not knowing what to do."

"There's a crime coming," the station-master shouted.

"Crane!" I bellowed loud to him, "go for spades—come out of the way, there's none of you with a morsel of brains! They're none of them, I can tell you. I think they saw I was good enough for laying upon a man's head if he tried to stop me."

"Poor Jim—as soon as he saw me, he cried faintly, 'Harry, for God's sake pull me out of this! I'm roasting!'"

"Then he went off. Dead? No, he fainted, or something of the kind. I dug like a demon, and I soon had others helping. We had him out in less than ten minutes. If, instead of running over each other, they'd started digging with my shovel, he'd be alive now."

"They wetted his lips with brandy, and he seemed to come to a bit. But I don't believe he was really alive. I think he was wandering. I heard him say, 'The bairns—Liz! Then he gave a bit of a shudder, and all was over."

"They had to help me up the embankment, and I went on to Butehouse. They got a cab to take me to my lodgings. But I says to the driver, 'There's Jim's wife—somebody ought to break it to her, poor thing.'"

"I shall have to go," says he, "and it's a job I don't like."

"I'll go, sir," says I, "I'd give £1,000 if I had it to go with a different tale. She'll maybe take it better from me. She knows Jim and me were always good pals."

"I got out of the cab at the street and hobbled to Jim's house. One of the bairns came to the door."

"Mammy, Harry's come," she shouted, tottering the length of the passage as fast as her wee legs would carry her."

"When Liz showed her face, I stood like a goose nicked in the head. As I went along I made up what I should say, but I just felt as if I had to learn to talk. I saw that she thought I'd no business to be there that time of day. Every bit of color went out of her face, and she staggered against the door jamb."

"Liz," I said, "we've had an accident, and—Jim's hurt."

"And?" she asked, her lip quivering and her voice hoarse, and looking wild and scared."

"Liz," I said, "you must keep up a good heart. I thought I'd better—I thought you'd rather have me come."

"He's dead," she moaned. "He'd been here for any of 'em had had a grain of sense. What were you about?"

"I'd every bit of sense knocked out of me. They carried me away. When I came to myself I broke away from 'em, and went back. He was under the engine and I dug him out."

"And he was dead?" wailed she, dropping into a chair and throwing her apron over her head, to rock backwards and forwards, sobbing."

"My poor lass, he was just alive. He went off peaceful-like. His last words were of you and the bairns."

"I never want another job like that; I didn't leave till I saw she'd got the worst over and a neighbor come in. I said to her, 'You'll keep up as good a heart as you can, lass. I sha'n't see the stick fast.'"

"And it came to me that it would be something in her way if I went to lodge with her. And when I got there, if I saw the

bairens wanted anything, I'd slip out and buy it, or take 'em out. You see I couldn't bear to see the mites go worse shod or clad than when poor Jim was on the go. The worst was when the little bairns got their new things, they were so keen to show off. Then their mother would sob and tell me she was sure she could never repay me. It used to make me feel as if I'd done something and ought to be horsewhipped. I'd never thought of such a thing."

"I married her at last. I don't know that I should ever thought of that, but there's always such nasty slings thrown out if a single man goes to lodge with a young woman. If anybody had said anything to me, I should have known how to deal with 'em. She'd never have told me, but one night, when I got home, Liz's face was all red, and I saw she'd been crying. I should have thought it was about poor Jim—it was the time of the year—but my little pet let it out that Mrs. Somebody-or-other had made her mammy cry when she was pipe-claying the door-lag, so I would bottom it. Now I almost wish I'd married her before. You see I can buy anything for the bairns in the natural course now I've taken Jim's place."

The signal was for us to go, but I think my driver's story was about finished. Over the river, through the gaslit town, like fairyland with its mantle of snow on roof and roadway, increasing our speed as we plunged into the darkness. It was snowing faster, the darkness seeming more opaque by reason of the whirling snowflakes. We had matter for self-congratulation, certainly; the wind was with us, not against us; the snow did not drive in our faces, but seemed to race us, to go as we were going, distancing, sailing past us in myriad atoms.

"We're nearing Stonebank junction," I heard him murmur. The engine slackened. He blew his whistle twice, a long warning shriek, then a short peremptory call. I saw the signal light before us, white, not over well-defined.

We steamed on, slightly increasing speed, the signal-post came to meet us, so it seemed; then it struck me that a faint rosy hue was on the snow at its foot. The dark mass seemed to loom before us—in motion, crossing our path. My companion made a startled ejaculation. "Jump!" I shouted, as I leaped into the darkness; I saw that he had reversed, but too late; in the twinkling of an eye, in less, I had the crash of timber, and the escape of steam.

Staves stood to his engine and escaped much better than I did. Besides a broken leg and a contusion of the shoulder, I had internal injuries. I shall carry my scars as long as I live, but I shall I ever be the same man again. But there was another casualty: the engine had crashed into the van of a goods train killing the guard on the spot. For a month I was "a critical case."

While I lay hovering between life and death, there had been an inquiry, resulting in the committee of the directors of the railways on a charge of manslaughter, heavy bail being allowed.

I was anything but a sound man when I took my place in the witness-box, my comrades of that night in the dock. Perhaps it was a relief that caused me to feel so incensed against the counsel for prosecution. He laid such stress on the late prevalence of railway accidents. There was gross culpability; he would go so far as to say the man had deliberately disregarded the signal; he had—

—I don't know what he was saying, but I was too late to avert the collision.

The opinion was that virtually the accused had no defense. The signalman had sworn to due execution of his duty; a porter corroborated him; he had seen the red light red on the snow. I looked at the jury—twelve heavy faces. Were I arraigned, I should fear the twelve more than the bearded one under the royal arms. Twelve—eleven honest, one less to like, a vindictive face, with defective cranial development.

I was under examination. "You were on the engine? It was a beating snowstorm, the wind at your back? You saw the signal light—oh, imperfectly—to you it appeared to be white? You caught a gleam of rosy light cast on the snow as you passed the red? You believe that the disc was coated with snow obscuring the red light? Such were the leading questions put me by counsel, the last one creating some sensation. The judge started, bent forward, the faces of the staring jury seemed to indicate minds started to conjecture, excepting one—one face did not relax, the mind was stubborn, illegal. The countenance was that of a beast of prey, the mouth cruel, the eyes hard and steady, the ears indicating deficiency of fellow-feeling, human sympathy. Opposing counsel, jumped to his feet, was checked a little by the judge. He was to remember that I was a wreck. A witness was recalled. My conjectural opinion was strengthened rather than impaired by the flood of questions. The night was not frosty, it became a thaw, its own weight would eventually carry off the accumulation of snow on the disc."

The jury retired. They were so long away, another case was called, and another jury empaneled. Just before this case concluded, the judge was communicated with, our jury had come to a decision.

They entered the court, eleven conscious of the load that would be lifted off a man's mind. One irritated, unconvinced, though he had yielded. He carried all this in his face. This may appear pure imagination. I had it later from a jurymen that eleven were unanimous on leaving the court, that he alone held out. This hard-souled being was called again. In every case after, when he formed one of the jury, he carried his point. In one case the judge revealed his feeling on the matter, passing the extremely light sentence, "to be imprisoned until the rising of the court." The accused was a young girl feeling acutely her position. But to return. There was a dead silence preceding the question.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?"

"We have."

"Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty."

There was an applause in the court, which was suppressed, but scarcely visited with condemnation.

"A very proper finding," commented the judge, "the evidence of the last witness materially affected the case."

I heard a woman's passionate weeping. I made my way out of the court to grasp poor Staves' hand, and to offer him my sincere congratulations; his wife turned to me and grasped my hand. "To have had a husband killed was terrible enough, to have another, as good and as true, went to penal servitude—she choked her voice—"I think," faltered she, "I should have needed a straight-waistcoat."

Four women, I looked at her tear-stained face, and did not find it difficult to believe her—Edwin Whelpson in Home Chimes.

WOODS HAVE THEIR AFFINITIES.

There is no reason to doubt that woods have what may be called their affinities. It has been stated on authority that has not been questioned, that certain woods (both dry, when placed in contact will soon rot, and when in contact with other woods will rot. It would be reasonable to suppose that the nature of a piece of wood has its like and unlike, that it will repulse and attract; in other words, that it is affected by that with which it comes in contact. Were it so, it would be an exception in the mineral, animal, and vegetable kingdoms—Northwestern Lumberman.

The Ability of Young Husbands.

A good deal is being said lately about the ability of young wives to cook. The ability of young husbands to provide their wives with something to cook ought not to be entirely left out of the question.—Philadelphia Call.

THE REVOLUTION

Clothing House!

102 DOUGLAS AVE.
OF CITIZENS BANK BUILDING

SACRIFICE SALE

Clothing, Hats, Gents
Furnishing Goods
NOW GOING ON.

B. K. BROWN,
Furniture & Jewelry.
DOUGLAS AVENUE, WICHITA, KANS.

E. C. & L. R. COLE,
Real Estate Dealers,
329 Douglas av., E. Wichita.
OPPOSITE MANHATTAN HOTEL.

Also the office of the
Carey Park Land Company.
Now is the time to buy lots in Carey Park before they are advanced.

E. C. & L. R. COLE,
329 Douglas avenue, Wichita.
MRS. MARY KLENTZ,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
MILLINERY,
HUMAN HAIR,

ADIES' FURNISHING GOODS,
FULL STOCK ON HAND,
OLIVER BROS.,
Lumber Dealers

Wichita, Kansas.

Wichita, Mayfield, Wellington,
Harper, Attica, Garden Plain,
Anthony, Arkansas City, Andale and Haven.

DR. WM. HALL,
OVER WOODMAN'S BANK, 14 N. MAIN ST.

Continues to successfully treat all diseases of women. He does not do general practice, as he gives his entire time to his specialty. In the two years he has been in Wichita he has cured thousands of ladies in this city and adjoining towns, any of whom will speak in the highest terms of the successful cure and gentlemanly treatment while under his care. If any person afflicted with any of the following diseases will consult him first, time will be gained, money saved and disappointment averted.

INFLAMMATION, UTERIC, MENSTRUATION, or Pains of the Womb, and all UTERINE TROUBLES, POLYPIUS AND FIBROID TUMORS, causing too frequent, painful and irregular menstruation, LEUCORRHEA, etc. He also successfully treats all kidney and bladder troubles, such as GRAVEL, CALCULI, PARALYSIS, NEURALGIA, Foreign Bodies in the Bladder and Uterus, causing too frequent and painful urinating, and all forms of PRIVATE.

CHLOROSIS, and SEXUAL DISEASES, such as Syphilis, Gonorrhea, Impotency, and all the unpleasant results of such diseases. SYPHILIS positively cured and entirely eradicated from the system. GONORRHOEA cured in from three to eight days or no pay. GLEET AND STRICTURE cured in patients of years standing. PILES and other diseases of the genital urinary or rectum quickly cured. He guarantees all curable cases, or he comes back you be will gladly refund your money.

CONSULTATION FREE. Remember that he is at his old office at 14 N. Main street, over Woodman's Bank, or address box 303, 22.

JOHN DAVIDSON,
Pioneer Lumber Man

OF SEWING COUNTY.
Established in 1870.

A Complete Stock of Pine Lumber,
Shingles, Lath, Doors, Sash, etc.,
always on hand.

Office and yards on Market street between Douglas and First streets.

EAGLE CORNICE WORKS,
Just north of the Occidental.

Manufacturers of Galvanized Iron Cornices, Tin, Iron and Slate Roofing by experienced workmen; re-siding, gutters and pointing done with neatness and dispatch.

Estimates and designs furnished on short notice.

W. H. STERNBERG,
Contractor and Builder
Office and Shop 349 Main St.

FIRST CLASS WORK AT LOWEST PRICES. Estimates furnished on short notice. WICHITA, KAN.

CASTELL & BUCKLEY,
Manufacturers of Galvanized Iron Cornices, Tin, Iron and Slate Roofing by experienced workmen; re-siding, gutters and pointing done with neatness and dispatch.

Estimates and designs furnished on short notice.

W. H. STERNBERG,
Contractor and Builder
Office and Shop 349 Main St.

FIRST CLASS WORK AT LOWEST PRICES. Estimates furnished on short notice. WICHITA, KAN.

CASTELL & BUCKLEY,
Manufacturers of Galvanized Iron Cornices, Tin, Iron and Slate Roofing by experienced workmen; re-siding, gutters and pointing done with neatness and dispatch.

Estimates and designs furnished on short notice.

100 Dozen. 100 Dozen.

STRAW HATS

Reduced to 50 cents. Former Price
\$1.00 and \$1.50.

MANHATTAN CLOTHING CO.
HERMAN & HESS, Proprietors,
326 Douglas Avenue.

M. A. MCKENZIE & CO.,
Manufacturers of
Fine Carriages,
BUGGIES
—And—
SPRING -:- WAGONS.
Repairing, Repainting and Trimming
Promptly Attended To.
Wichita, Kansas.
City Trade Solicited and Satisfaction
Guaranteed.

C. A. STAFFORD,
T. F. CLEGG

STAFFORD & CLEGG,
Real Estate and Loan Agents
Office south side Douglas ave, 2d stairway w of Lawrence.

H. W. KENDLE,
FUNERAL DIRECTOR,
—And Dealer in—
Wood, Cloth and Metallic Burial Cases
CASKETS, ROBES, GLOVES, CRAPE, ETC.

Have two fine hearse. A private telephone direct to Wichita Cemetery. Office always open on Douglas avenue, Wichita, Kansas. Prompt attention to orders by telegraph.

F. W. SWAB,
(SUCCESSOR TO F. STACKMAN)
Merchant Tailor.

Keeps on hand Fine Goods of the latest styles. The largest stock in the city. Satisfaction guaranteed. No trouble to show goods. Call and see me.

F. W. SWAB, 1st door N of County Building.

BUY LOTS IN
Butler & Fisher's Second Addition.

These Lots are close to the City Limits, and are lying between Central Ave. and Second Street, east of town. These lots are for sale on cheap and easy terms. No college, Union depot or machine shops are to be built on them. For terms apply at

BUTLER & FISHERS HARDWARE STORE

110 DOUGLAS AVE.

THE COLLEGE OF EMPORIA,
—EMPORIA, KANSAS—

UNDER THE CARE OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

— OPEN TO BOTH SEXES —
THREE COURSES OF STUDY —
THE CLASSICAL
THE PHILOSOPHICAL
AND THE LITERARY.

Experienced and Competent Teachers Thoroughly
versed in Work. Contributions as high as the
best Eastern Colleges.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES IN ART, MUSIC AND IN
MODERN LANGUAGES.

— EXPENSES VERY REASONABLE —
The next session opens on Wednesday, September 8th, 1886.

Full particulars and catalogues may be obtained by addressing the president,

Rev. John F. Hendy, D. D.,
EMPORIA, KANSAS.

ICE! ICE! ICE!
DEPOT and OFFICE 124 WEST DOUGLAS AVE.

ICE Always on Hand at Depot.

Orders for Shipment and City Delivery
Promptly Attended to.

Telephone No. 128. SOHN & WILKIN.

S. D. PALLETT,
—DEALER IN—

Northern & Southern Pine Lumber,
LATH, SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS AND BLINDS.

OFFICE and WHITE PINE YARD West End of Douglas Avenue.
YELLOW PINE YARD Across the Street.
WICHITA, KAN.

Wichita City Roller Mills and Elevator.
ESTABLISHED 1874. —Manufacture the Following Celebrated Brands—
INCORPORATED 1878.
IMPERIAL, Roller Patent; WHITE ROSE, Extra Fancy; A. L. C. R., Fancy.
These brands have been on the market east, west, north and south for ten years, and they have won an enviable reputation wherever introduced. To try them is to stay with them. We are always in the market for wheat at highest cash price.
OLIVER, IMBODEN & CO.

BUNNELL & MOREHOUSE,
Real Estate and Insurance Agents.
A. T. & S. F. R. LANDS.

Bargains in city and county property. Our insurance companies are as follows: Aetna, Liverpool, London, Globe, German-American, Insurance Company of North America, Hartford, Phoenix of Hartford, Home, of New York, New York Underwriters.

L. N. WOODCOCK, Ex-County Treasurer. B. S. GARRISON, F. A. DORSEY, Ex-County Clerk.

WOODCOCK, DORSEY & CO.,
REAL ESTATE, ABSTRACTS & LOANS

Office, Dorsey Building, Opposite Court House,
WICHITA, KAN

H. L. TAYLOR, DWIGHT BEACH, LEE TAYLOR,
TAYLOR, BEACH & CO.

Real Estate Agents and Insurance Writers.

The Best Companies are represented by us. If you want an Insurance Policy written, or have Real estate for sale, or wish to Purchase, call on us.

MONEY LOANED ON FARMS OR CITY PROPERTY.
OFFICE OVER LEWIS' SHOE STORE.

110 MAIN STREET, WICHITA, KAN.

GANDOLFO CAFE.

Finest Restaurant in Kansas.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF TROPICAL FRUITS
AND BAKE CONFECTIONS.

1001 P. and MAIN Streets,
GANDOLFO & TROSEL, Proprietors.

— Kansas, Boston, New Haven, Kan. —

25¢ per lb. for ICE CREAM in any flavor packed in Mouths or Bulk, promptly filled.

W. S. DEAN, A. H. MAXWELL, Notary Public.

DEAN AND MAXWELL,
Real Estate Dealers.

We have property in every desirable locality in the city also a large list of Farm Property. By calling on our office you can get our prices and see our property free of charge.

OFFICE—1001 P. and MAIN Streets,
First stairway east of Wichita National Bank. DEAN & MAXWELL.

B. COHN,
Wholesale Cigars,

125 West Douglas Avenue.

WICHITA, KANSAS.

B. LOMBARD, JR., President. JAMES L. LOMBARD, Vice President.

Lombard Mortgage Co.,

IN KANSAS STATE BANK BUILDING.

Money on hand. No delay when security and title are good. Rates as low as the lowest.

CALL AND SEE US.

GEO. E. SPALTON, Secretary.

N. F. STEFFELMEYER, President. C. W. W. KIRKWOOD, Cashier. M. W. LEVY, Treasurer. A. W. OLIVER, Vice President.

Kansas Loan and Investment Co.

CAPITAL, \$100,000.

Money Always on Hand to Loan on Farm and City Property

Office in Wichita National Bank Building, Wichita, Kan.

PHILLIPS & CRANE, - Real Estate

140 Main St., WICHITA, Kan.